Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers.

Claudio Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by ſlauderous tongues,
Was the Hero that heere lies:
Death in guerdon of her wronges,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with ſhame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the toomb,
Praiſing hir when I am dead.

Claudio Now muſick ſound & ſing your ſolemne hymne.

Song Pardon goddeſſe of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight,
For the which with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight aſſiſt our mone, help vs to ſigh & grone.
Heauily heauily.
Graues yawne and yeeld your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauily heauily.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this (right.

Prince Good morrow maiſters, put your torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you al, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claudio Good morrow maſters, each his ſeuerall way.

Prince Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatoes we will goe.

Claudio And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeeds,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret Vrſula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier Did I not tell you ſhee was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accuſd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this,
Although againſt her will as it appeares, In

In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

Old Wel, I am glad that all things ſorts ſo well.

Bened. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforſt
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelues,
And when I ſend for you come hither masked:
The Prince and Claudio promiſde by this howre
To viſite me, you know your office brother,
You muſt be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young Claudio. *Exeunt Ladi*

Old Which I will doe with confirmd countenance.

Bened. Frier, I muſt intreate your paines, I thinke.

Frier To doe what Signior?

Bened. To bind me, or vndo me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, tis moſt true.

Bened. And I do with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The ſight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From Claudio and the Prince, but whats your will?

Bened. Your anſwere ſir is enigmaticall,
But for my wil, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conioynd,
In the ſtate of honorable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I ſhal deſire your help.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier And my helpe.
Heere comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter Prince, and Claudio, and two or three other.

Prince Good morrow to this faire aſſembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:
We heere attend you, are you yet determined,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my mind were ſhe an Ethiope.

Leo Call her foorth brother, heres the Frier ready.

P. Good morrow Bened, why whats the matter?